

RATES OF ADVERTISING:

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Mr. Dewey calls New York "the typical State."

Four of the six Populist Senators in Washington are university men or graduates of colleges.

General Miles is heartily in favor of the bicycle for army use, and declares that it can be used in nearly every country and in most all seasons of the year.

The safest of modern years of railway travel was in 1885. The proportion returned as killed and injured from causes beyond their own control to the number carried was: killed, 1 in 116,202,171; and injured, 1 in 1,599,112.

Napoleon III. once remarked to Mr. Washburne, the American Minister to Paris, that Spain could not hold Cuba, and that the result would be that she would sacrifice all her soldiers and spend all her money and then lose the island in the end.

The Melbourne (Australia) Argus called attention some years ago to the remarkable fact that three young men destined to high distinction in different spheres—Lord Salisbury, the statesman, Sir John Millais, the painter, and Thomas Woolner, the sculptor—were simultaneously in Victoria at the height of the gold fever in the early fifties.

This bicycle business is assuming tremendous proportions, and even the imagination gets tired thinking about it, observes the New York Herald. Ten years ago it was a fad, a craze, and a few cranks, so called, were seen on the streets trying to get their noses broken. Now all the world rides the wheel; policemen ride them, soldiers ride them, gentlemen and ladies of all ages take a spin. To supply the demand there are something like four hundred firms, making money hand over fist, and it is estimated that in the various plants more than \$25,000,000 is invested. Why, the whole thing has come upon us like a tornado.

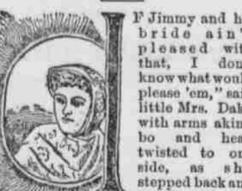
China is sending out a new detachment of her youth to be educated in our schools, showing an enlightened and progressive spirit in no way diminished by her recent military reverses. If she continues in this excellent custom, equipping her chosen young men with the science and culture of the modern period, and at the same time admits, as she is now doing, progressive ideas in her administration, she will not be so easily whipped the next time, the New York Tribune observes, and will take the place in civilization which properly belongs to her, as her sister Nation Japan has already done, to the wonderment and admiration of mankind, including that of the humbled pigmials themselves, who may, after all, gather out of the nettle of defeat a choicer flower than the rose of triumph. If she is not quite so grandiose in her general attitudes as she was before she was whipped, she knows more, a fact variously evinced, but in no particular more showily than in again sending her youth hither to be instructed in our schools.

Chief Fernow, of the Forestry Division at Washington, D. C., makes some valuable suggestions in his eleventh bulletin. The bulletin states that the South can make the cultivation of the cork oak very profitable in a year. We pay about \$2,000,000 a year for imported cork, and prices are steadily rising. The Government distributed cork oak acorns in the South as far back as 1838, and there are now standing several cork trees in the Southern States, one of them as far north as middle Georgia. A large one is now standing in Mississippi City, Miss., and there are probably twenty in California. The fact that the tree will flourish in the South has been demonstrated. The wattle tree, a native of Australia, is also recommended for cultivation. It belongs to the acacia family, and contains more tannic acid than the oak. It is propagated from seeds, which are soaked until soft in boiling water before planting. This tree will do well in warm climates. This eucalyptus is recommended on account of its rapid growth, the value of the wood and the oil contained in the foliage. Some claim that it is an antidote for malaria. The bamboo deserves a trial, maintains the Atlanta Constitution. It is not a tree but a giant grass, allied to our cane. One variety grows in Florida, where it has been known to grow a foot a day in height, and reach twenty-two feet in a single season. It is in demand for many useful and ornamental purposes. We have been wasting our forests long enough. Why not turn over a new leaf and try the trees recommended by the Forestry Division?

FOR HER SAKE.

All day long, with sigh or song, Told I for her sake; She is where the roses throng— I where thunders break From the restless city's mart; But a rainbow's round my heart! For I sing: "The day will die— Toil will soon be past, And the stars in Love's own sky Lead me home at last! Home! beneath the tranquil skies, Where she waits with wistful eyes. "Home! where love is kindest—best, Where the laurels lie bright; Home! where sweetly on my breast Fall her curls of light! Home! from all the world beguiled By the kisses of a child!" —F. L. Stanton.

AUNT SUSAN'S QUILT.



"Jimmy's bride can't help being tickled with that," said Mrs. Dako, as she smoothed out a fold; "and if she knows anything about nice quilting, she'll see that she isn't tickled in a day. Well, I guess not! I quilted every last stitch of it myself, and there's a good half-day's work in some of them blocks with the feathers and herring-bone patterns and the shell border all 'round the edge. I had that quilt in the frames five weeks and three days, and I put all the time I could get on it, and there ain't no slack work, tired as I did get of seeing it 'round."

"There's 2147 pieces in the quilt, and a good many of 'em are pieces of Jimmy's baby dresses. That'll please his wife, I just know. Here's a block made of calico like a little pink dress he had when his ma first put him into short dresses. I remember it was made with a low neck and short sleeves, like they made baby dresses in them days, and his little shoulders and arms were almost as pink as the dress."

"And here's pieces like a little double gown he had 'fore he went into short dresses. And this piece of blue chamois is like a little sunbonnet he had, all lined with fine white jaconet. And here is a piece of fine muslin with a little pink sprig in it like the first short dress Jimmy ever had. He did look so comin' in it, with the sleeves looped back, and a tumble-curl on the top of his head!"

"I'll show his wife-to-be all these pieces, and if she ain't tickled with the quilt, she'll be a queer one."

"Then Mrs. Drake went over to an old-fashioned mahogany bureau with brass knobs, and took from the upper drawer a large, square cream-tinted envelope, out of which she carefully drew the "invite" to Jimmy's wedding."

"Mr. and Mrs. William H. Holbrook invite you to be present at the marriage of their daughter Helen and James Barclay Larkin, Wednesday evening, September 14th."

"Then followed the address of the bride's parents, in a city four hundred miles from Mrs. Dako's home."

"But I'm goin'!" she said, gleefully, as she slipped the invitation back into its envelope. "I'd go if it was twice as far. I ain't seen Jimmy for near on to five years, and he always seemed like my own boy to me 'cause I never had none o' my own, and I helped to bring him up after his own ma died, when he wa'n't but just in his first little trousers."

"I ain't been so far from home in many a long year, and I reckoned my travelin' days was done, but I've got to go and see Jimmy married. I must see Elviry Hodge right away about turning and making over my black silk, and I must see Samantha Rose about a new cap. I guess I'll have to have something smart for a city wedding, where they'll all be finished up so. I don't want Jimmy to be ashamed of his old aunt; but by law, ma! Jimmy wouldn't be ashamed of me if I went in my plain calico home dress. He wa'n't raised to see clothes above his relations, and he ain't got nothing to be ashamed of in any of his folks."

Then Jimmy's aunt, her face aglow with loving thoughts of seeing Jimmy again, folded up the quilt carefully in an old sheet, and laid it away in a lower drawer of the bureau, saying: "I s'pose they'll have lots of nice presents, but I'll warrant you they won't have one that represents as much lovin' labor as that quilt. I had to cry a little when I quilted them blocks with the pieces of his baby dresses in 'em. His wife ought to think the world and all of the quilt. I hope to the land she won't go to using it common."

"If you just wanted to give his old aunt a big s'prise," she said to Elvira Hodge, the village seamstress, when she came to "fix over" Aunt Susan's black silk. "I couldn't believe my own eyes at first. It don't seem no longer than yesterday that Jimmy was runnin' 'round here in pinafores; and to think of him bein' married—I declare I can't git over it!"

"But I'll give him a s'prise, too. I don't intend to give him a hint that I'm comin' to his wedding, and if he won't be lookin' back when he sees me marchin' in on him, my name ain't Susan Elizabeth Dako! Don't you reckon his wife'll be tickled with that quilt, Elviry?"

"They'd ought to be, that's sure," said Elvira. "I think it's a kind of special Providence that I put in the frames when I did. I didn't cal'late on quiltin' it until next winter, but I had a kind of feelin' that I'd better do it when I did, and now it's turned out that there was a good reason why I should quilt them."

There was quite a company of Aunt Susan's friends at the little station to see her off on the morning she started. There was unusual color in her cheeks and unwonted sparkle in her eyes. She bade each of her friends goodbye two or three times, and promised to take good care of herself. Some of them she promised a crumb of Jimmy's wedding cake, and a full account of the wedding festivities.

"An' if you could git me a scrap of the bride's wedding dress an' of any of her other dresses for my silk quilt, Susan, I'd be so pleased with 'em!" said Mrs. Gray.

"I will if I can, Nancy," said Aunt Susan. "There's the train comin'! I'm so glad I could get my trunk checked clean through! I'd be in a nice fix if that trunk should get lost with Jimmy's quilt and my black silk in it! Where's my lunch basket? Oh, you're goin' to carry it away on the train for me, are you, Hiram Drew? I'm bleeged to you, but mind you git off the train 'fore it starts. Good-bye, Nancy; good-bye all!"

In a moment the train was on its way, Aunt Susan's handkerchief fluttered from one of the car windows as long as the train was within sight of the little station.

All the people in the car noticed the happy old lady in her queer, old-fashioned garb. Some had not seen for many years a shawl like the one she wore, with its fringe a foot long and silk embroidery in the corners; but nothing was coarse or antis in her dress, and there was a quietness and charm about her that attracted the sympathy of all the passengers.

She had not gone twenty-five miles before she was telling some of them nearest her all about Jimmy and Jimmy's quilt, and the wedding to take place on the coming Wednesday.

She was delighted to find that a middle-aged, kindly-looking woman who was one of the passengers lived in the city in which young Mr. Larkin lived, and could easily show her his boarding house.

"I'm so much obliged to you," said Aunt Susan. "I've been so dreadfully nervous 'bout trying to find the house myself, I hated to write to him to meet me 'cause it'd take off the best part of the s'prise. I just want to walk right in on him."

"That was just what she had the pleasure of doing the next afternoon."

James Larkin was just taking his wedding suit from the box in which it had been sent home, when there came a knock at the door of his room.

Aunt Susan was trembling with excitement when her nephew opened the door. "Why, Aunt Susan!" he cried, and then he took her in his arms and kissed on both cheeks. There was no lack of tenderness in her nephew's greeting, yet the changes in him were painful to her. He was a beardless, boyish-looking young man when she had seen him last. Now he was a tall, broad-shouldered, full-bearded man with a way that made it hard for her to call him "Jimmy." He did not say so, but she felt that he would rather have her call him "James," and that sounded so cold and formal to her. He now had the graces of a city-bred young man. She found it hard to accommodate herself to them, and to the usages of the fashionable boarding-house in which her prosperous young nephew lived. He might, perhaps, have wished that Elvira Hodge had made his aunt's garments more stylish, when he took her down to dinner, but he was in no sense ashamed of her. When they were going downstairs with her hand timidly resting on his arm, he made her very happy by looking down into her face and saying tenderly and heartily, "I am so glad you came, Aunt Susan."

"making herself useful in Mrs. Holbrook's kitchen." It disappointed her to be told by her nephew that her services would not be required, and that a steamer would provide the supper. She did not know what a steamer was, and felt confused and uneasy, and went to sleep half wishing herself home.

When the next evening she found herself in the beautiful home of Mr. Holbrook, surrounded by finely-dressed ladies and gentlemen, who looked curiously at the odd-looking, little old woman in the queerly-made and old-fashioned black silk, she heartily wished that she had not come.

Mr. and Mrs. Holbrook was as attentive to her as they could be with a house full of guests; but Aunt Susan soon found it convenient to slip off into a corner, where she hid like the little country mouse she was.

But she was glad after all that she had come when James, looking so tall and happy and handsome, came into the great parlor with his bride on his arm, in her trailing, white satin dress and long veil. Aunt Susan was so completely overawed by this magnificent bride, instead of going forward with the others to offer her congratulations, she slipped off upstairs to the room in which she had taken off her bonnet and shawl. In it was her wedding gift to Jimmy—the quilt that had but yesterday seemed to her as beautiful and appropriate a gift that she could bestow upon him.

Across the hall was the open door of a room almost filled with shining silver and glittering glass, with pictures and rare ornaments and beautiful books, gifts to James and his bride.

Aunt Susan felt that her own offering, although it was the gift of her own labor and love, would be out of place. It might offend her nephew and his bride to see it there. Some one might laugh and jeer at it, and she could not bear to think of that. It seemed so poor and trifling now; she could not think of allowing Jimmy and his wife to know that she had brought them such a gift.

She turned back a corner of the quilt, and looked at a piece of the pink and white muslin of which most of Jimmy's first garments had been made. A flood of tender memories filled her heart, and she buried her face in her girdle and cried as she had not cried for years.

There she sat for a long time, paying no heed to the noise and merriment downstairs. Presently she heard a rustle of silk and satin in the hall, and a low murmur of voices. In a moment a pair of soft arms were around her neck, and a girlish voice was saying: "I am so glad we have found you at last! We have been looking everywhere for you!"

When Aunt Susan looked up she found the bride kneeling by her side, while James was bending low over her. "You haven't been up here all this time, have you?" he said. "We have wondered where you were. Helen was so anxious to see you."

"Of course I was," said the bride. "There is no one I am so glad to see. James has told me all about you, and it was so good of you to come so far to see us married. You must kiss us and wish us joy, won't you?"

"If you'll let me," said Susan, with the tears still in her eyes. "Let you see, I mean it every stitch myself, and—and—there's lots of pieces in it from the first clothes you ever had, and—I thought maybe she'd like it because I did it ev'ry stitch myself and—"

"Like it?" cried Helen. "I shall value it above any gift I have had! It is beautiful! I never saw such exquisite needlework! What weeks of labor it must have cost you. I am so proud of it!"

"She said them very words," said Aunt Susan to half a dozen of her delighted friends who came to see her the day she reached home. She was so tickled over the quilt. She fairly cried when I showed her the blocks made out of pieces of Jimmy's things. "She said she'd think the world and all of it. She and Jimmy had to go off on their wedding tower in about an hour, and I expected to come home that night; but Mr. and Mrs. Holbrook wouldn't hear of it. "They made me stay there a whole week, and they treated me as if I was one of the greatest ladies in the land. They took me to ride ev'ry day, and they never seemed to mind 'bout my old-fashioned ways and clothes. "I had a beautiful time, and the best part of it is Jimmy and his wife are coming to make me a visit on their way home from their tower next week. You never see such a splendid young woman as she is!"—The Downingtown Archive.

Old Sermons in Demand. The wife of a minister down in Cincinnati trailed a barrel of his old sermons not long ago for a new bread-pan. The next spring the rag man came around again and asked if she had any more sermons to sell? "Why do you want sermons?" "Because I did as well with those I got here a year ago. I got sick in the summer and a preacher in the country boarded me and my horse three months for that barrel of sermons, and he has since got a great reputation as a preacher up there. I will give you five cents a pound for all you have got."—Chicago Record.

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

STORIES THAT ARE TOLD BY THE FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

The Perils of Versatility—A Case in Point—A Valuation—Not the Right Word, Etc., Etc.

He sent a squib—he thought it was fine—To "Pan for Funny Folks," But they returned it with this lift: "We publish only jokes."

He sent a sonnet, which he thought Quite full of master-strokes, To "Poetry." The next mail brought: "We never publish jokes." —Charles Battell Loomis.

LOVE AT SIGHT. Fango—"Americans are noted for their record-breaking ships." Anglo—"Yes; particularly in their courtships."—Truth.

ON. Nervous Passenger (on steamship that has run aground)—"What on earth is the matter with this ship?" Captain (serenely)—"That's just it!"—Puck.

A CASE IN POINT. Wade—"Do you believe, with these scientific fellows, that disease can be communicated by handshaking?" Butcher—"I dunno. There's the grip."—Puck.

A VALUATION. "My daughter has been accustomed to every luxury." "Well," replied the duke, "don't I come high enough to rank as a luxury?"—Truth.

EASILY DISMISSED. Clara—"Miss Darling thinks you are quite a clever fellow." Dannie—"By Jove, I guess I'll call!" Clara—"No; you had better stay away."—Wrinkle.

NOT THE RIGHT WORD. "You carved your own way to success, didn't you, Paddington?" "No; I didn't have much of anything to carve until after I achieved success."—Chicago Record.

PROGRESS. "How is your daughter getting on with the piano, Nannan?" "First rate. She can play with both hands. Says she will be able to play with her ear in six months."—Household Words.

HUMAN NATURE. Visitor—"Why do you have 'Keep Off the Grass' signs all over this park? You don't seem to enforce the rule." Sparrow—"We do it so that people will more thoroughly enjoy being on the grass."—Truth.

AN ECONOMIST. Gladys—"Mr. Pennybacker told me he took you to the church fair last night and spent a most enjoyable evening." Mabel (with a sigh)—"Yes; but that was about all."—Puck.

VOICES FROM THE MARKET. First Egg—"Think of going to the theatre?" Second Egg—"Probably, if I fell strong enough. I'm willing to go broke on a good, loud tragedian any time."—Cincinnati Inquirer.

HOPEFUL. At the Restaurant: Diner—"When I saw you a year ago you had just left college. You were then about to make your fortune, you said." Attendant—"Yes; and now I am waiting for it."—Boston Transcript.

THE REASON. Crummer—"Why don't they make the ladies take off their hats in the theatres?" Vokes—"Because they have no spare rooms about the theatre large enough to stow the ample headgear in."—Truth.

PROGRESSIVE EXPENSES. Mother (looking over her son's college expenses)—"I don't see why William's expenses should be so much more this year than last."

Father (a former collegian)—"Well, you see, the police fines are higher after the first offense."—Puck.

THE YOUNG IDEA. Doctor (to page boy)—"Who was the gentleman who called just now?" Page Boy—"Smith, sir." Doctor—"What's that? You should say Mr. Smith." Page Boy—"Please, sir, I didn't know he was married."—Judy.

BE AGREED WITH HER. Mrs. Scappleigh—"Bah! I've made a different man of you since I married you."

Mr. Scappleigh—"I believe you have. Very different, indeed! So different that now I can't see what in the world ever possessed me to marry you."

CAN HE TALK A HINT? Wiggles—"That was rather a showy thing that the people in the Fifth Street Church did with their pastor." Waggle—"What was that?" Wiggles—"Oh, they gave him twenty volumes of the collected sermons of successful preachers."—Somerville Journal.

A CAUTIOUS INVESTOR. Brown—"Don't buy on this market. I've watched millinery prices for years, and anything that had such a boom is sure to have a slump. Mark my words, you can't pick out a single hat that won't be lower within six months."—Puck.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Dishes are washed by electricity. In the new edition of the British Pharmacopoeia, the metric system of weights and measures will be adopted.

Crookes tubes, for use in taking X-ray photographs, have already appeared on the bargain counter of a Chicago department-store. They cost \$3.95 each.

Dr. W. H. Harker, Superintendent of the Delaware Insane Hospital, is going to try the effects of the X rays on the brains of a number of the insane people under his charge.

The experiment of electrical traction in the Baltimore Tunnel has been tried about a year, with results so far to the advantage of the electric motors over those propelled by steam.

By a special permit, and in mailing packages approved by the Postoffice Department, bacteria or disease tissues may now be sent through the mails to United States or municipal laboratories.

The entomological collection of M. Jules Fallon, which includes twenty-five thousand moths and butterflies, has been presented to the museum of the Jardin des Plantes, at Paris, by his grandsons.

Herr Wilkens, of Vienna, has found that two full-blooded English horses transmitted the color of their coats to their offspring in 586 cases out of 1000. Where the parents were of different colors, he found the hair of the foals, in most cases, took the color of that of the mother.

A carboy of alcohol burst in the basement of a Chicago drug store, and, taking fire, a tremendous blaze, which threatened a disastrous fire, followed. A clerk turned the valve of the soda water cylinder on the flames, and the carbonic acid extinguished the flames before the Fire Department could reach the spot.

M. Meilans has examined the relation between the penetrability of the rays from Crookes tubes of various substances and their chemical nature. He finds that carbon and its combinations with hydrogen, oxygen and nitrogen are peculiarly transparent to the rays, while the presence of other elements, chlorine, sulphur, phosphorus and, above, all iodine with metals increases the opaqueness.

Oil burners on a system invented by an engineer named Cunitberti have been put into all the new Italian war ships and have also been adopted by the German Government. The fuel used is not crude petroleum, but petroleum residue, which is more economical and has the advantage of not producing smoke when burnt. The British Admiralty is about to experiment with liquid fuel on the new fast cruiser Gladiator.

What we call light is a wave motion in the ether, and is a transverse movement, too. Molecules have nothing to do with it except to produce it. The waves of ether which affect the eye range from about four hundred millions of millions per second to eight hundred millions of millions per second, the longest waves being what we call red waves, while the shortest is called violet, though it is well known that waves much shorter than those in the common spectrum can be seen by some eyes.

His Writing Reversed.

Drs. Richards and Gordon, of Quincy, held a consultation Thursday evening at Postmaster Charles W. Wild, of Westport, which has been puzzling the public during the past week. After a careful diagnosis of the case the physicians decided that he was suffering from congestion of the base of the brain and that the disease had been developing during quite a long period. One peculiarity of his mental condition has been a change in his method of writing. Instead of writing from left to right, as he has previously been accustomed to do, he has, during his sickness, when attempting to write, reversed the style and has written backward, or from right to left. Thursday he wrote his name in his ordinary manner, however, which was considered a striking sign of improvement in his condition by his physicians and friends.—Boston Herald.

The Evacuation of Fort Ontario.

On July 15 next will occur the one hundred anniversary of the British evacuation of Fort Ontario at Oswego, which was the last place over which the flag of Great Britain waved in the United States. When that day was hailed down the American flag took its place, and ever since has waved there. A public meeting of citizens of Oswego, called by the Mayor, has been held, at which it was determined to celebrate this centennial, with a civil day, a military day, and a society day, with a sham battle and re-creation of the fort's capture in 1812. The Knights of Pythias are organizing for society day. It is proposed to reorganize the old fort, and to attempt to interest the Federal and State authorities in the celebration of the centennial, which has a National significance.—Syracuse Journal.

First Cork in This Country.

What is said to be the first cork ever grown in the United States of a size suitable for commercial purposes was recently stripped from a tree in Augusta, Ga. The tree was one of a number set out under Government supervision some thirty-five years ago. The bark obtained was two and a half inches thick and of a solid and close texture.—Philadelphia Record.

Restaurants in Turkey.

In Constantinople the restaurants are now expected to provide knives and forks for their customers. In Persia, however, the diner is given a fork, and in place of it uses a bit of unleavened bread.

LOVE'S ALLIANCE.

White flags of parity (the pale snowdrop) raise And every herald note of spring is faint To sound a tender truce to thy diadad. Oh, then no more in loneliness of days Delay the dus alliance that love prays, But let us, yielding to his glowing eyes, Our sweet surrender make of our two lives.

We'll seal our treaty by the blossoming May And in the woodland blind left seasons of summer; and beside the quiet hearth Foster the cheerful glow when autumn falls. Then may the old leaves tremble down to earth Content upon her kindly breast to lie; Upon her breast, who gave them life, to die. —Fall Mail Gazette.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A fool friend is a greater menace than an avowed enemy.—Puck.

Large bodies move slowly; also small bodies when called up to breakfast.

We wish we could go to sleep as easily as our feet do.—Athenian Globe.

Consistency is a jewel with which beauty is often content to be unadorned.

It's pretty hard for any man to understand why any one doesn't like him.—Puck.

Some people want to hide their light under a bushel when a pint would serve just as well.

Money may be the root of evil, but from the first man to the last we all dig where the roots grow.—Truth.

The man who works too hard will soon find himself disordered, like the watch that runs too fast.—Truth.

Most people show their greatest genius in making their religion comfortably fit their desires.—Athenian Globe.

"The better half," says the married cynic, "is so called because the unanalytically gets the better of the other half."—Puck.

"Better times now," said the tramp, as an old gentleman handed him ten five-cent pieces; "I feel the change."—Texas Sifter.

Queen Victoria owns \$2,000,000 worth of china. How she manages to obtain so many careful servant girls is a mystery.—Norristown Herald.

She was the apple of his eye, For her he deeply cared; But with some other fellow now She has been lately paired. —Puck.

"Yes," said the corned philosopher, "it is not so difficult to get something for nothing, but when one gets it it is not worth the price."—Indianaapolis Journal.

Miss Heifess (passionately)—"How much do you love me dearest?" Mr. Fortune Hunter—"I love you, my darling, for all you are worth!"—Detroit Free Press.

Miss Antique—"How gray you are getting lately, my dear. Why, I have not a single gray hair!" Miss Passio—"So I perceive. Do tell me what you use."—Detroit Free Press.

Grazin—Longreach is one of your regular boarders, Marm, isn't he?" Boarding House Mistress—"Yes; but to judge him by his appetite you'd think he was six of them."—Roxbury Gazette.

Feminine Logic: "Marie, what are you doing upon that step-ladder—and why don't you have Nora wash the windows?" "Because, if she falls and hurts herself, I'll have to do her work."—Chicago Record.

When a man goes into Wall street and comes out several millions in debt, he is a Napoleon of finance. When he goes in and drops all he owns, he is merely a commonplace, every-day fool.—Texas Sifter.

"The natural history class will now write down the names of twelve Arctic animals," said the teacher in monotone tones. Little Johnnie dashed off the following and handed his slate proudly to the teacher: "Six seals, five polar bears and one walrus."

Corpses Rented for Dissection.

The terror that the average colored woman has of the medical students and colleges is absolutely overpowering. Few people relish the idea of being carved up after death, but this feeling seems especially accentuated in the bosom of the colored woman, especially if she comes from the country. Many of them cannot be hired to go by a medical college after night, for they fear being captured by the students and dissected alive. It is hardly to be wondered that there is a superstitious dread of the surgeon's knife, as so many "stiffs" are required on the many dissecting tables of the Louisville medical colleges. There is a large supply from penal and other institutions, but the demand is great. As a result it is not uncommon for the medical colleges to rent corpses. The body will generally be sent with a note requesting that the face be not mutilated. The remains are then placed in the coffin with the clothing properly arranged about the unmanipulated face, and none besides those who are parties to the transaction are any the wiser.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

George Eliot's Hops.

A writer in one of the English reviews relates that during a conversation with George Eliot, not long before her death, a vase tumbled over on the mantelpiece. The great writer quickly and unconsciously put out her hand to stop its fall. "I hope," said she, reflecting it, "that the tumbler will come when we shall instinctively hold up the man or woman who begins to fall as naturally and unconsciously as we arrest a falling piece of furniture or an ornament."—Detroit Free Press.